

Future Great Men.

The replies of Mr. Root to the newspaper men who interviewed him while he was Secretary of War were often sharp and witty. One day, says the New York Times, a number of them, entering his office, found him signing documents.

"What are you doing, Mr. Secretary?" they asked.

"Appointing lieutenant generals," was the instant reply. As he was signing the commissions of West Point graduates, it is safe to say that none of those commissioned would have doubted that he spoke the truth.

Could Get No Rest.

Frederick, Minn., Oct. 17.—(Special.)—Mr. R. E. Goward, a well-known man here, is rejoicing in the relief from suffering he has obtained through using Dodd's Kidney Pills. His experience is well worth repeating, as it should point the road to health to many another in a similar condition.

"I had an aggravating case of Kidney Trouble," says Mr. Goward, "that gave me no rest day or night, but using a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put new life in me and I feel like a new man."

"I am happy to state I have received great and wonderful benefit from Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would heartily recommend all sufferers from Kidney Trouble to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a fair trial, as I have every reason to believe it would never be regretted."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make you feel like a new man or woman because they cure the kidneys. Cured kidneys mean pure blood and pure blood means bounding health and energy in every part of the body.

Illustrations Needed.

Backwriter—How would you like an article on Solomon?

Magazine Editor—First rate, if you can only furnish a complete set of portraits of his wives.—Somerville Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadling, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Bully as a Coward.

A Senator from one of the Western States, who is noted for his intense seriousness and for the positiveness of his opinions, made this dogmatic declaration in the course of a speech on imperialism:

"There was never a bully who was not a coward."

Senator Wolcott politely interrupted and said: "If the Senator will permit me to correct him, I think his statement is too sweeping. Has he forgotten that greatest of all bullies, Benvenuto Cellini?"

The Senator replied gravely: "I haven't the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance"; and he does not understand to this day that the Senator's ill-suppressed mirth was not at the expense of Senator Wolcott.

The Russian State Church.

The chief procurator of Russia, in a late report to the Czar on the state of Russia's religion, brings out the fact that the power and wealth of the Greek Church are immense. There are 61,780 of these churches in the empire. During the last year \$23 new places of worship were consecrated. In connection with these churches there are 16,750 monks and 36,146 nuns. There are 2,500 head priests and 43,743 ordinary priests. These, together with 58,156 deacons and under deacons, make a grand total, along with seven other divisions, the figures of which are not given exactly, of 170,000 persons in official positions. A sum of nearly \$30,000,000 was paid by the Russian people last year for the support of this vast organization.

How can the young ever know how the old love them? And the old are too proud to tell.—James Lane Allen in "The Mettle of the Pasture."

SAFEST FOOD

In Any Kind of Trouble Is Grape-Nuts. Food to rebuild the strength and that is predigested must be selected when one is convalescent. At this time there is nothing so valuable as Grape-Nuts for the reason that this food is all nourishment and is also all digestible nourishment. A woman who used it says:

"Some time ago I was very ill with typhoid fever, so ill every one thought I would die, even myself. It left me so weak I could not properly digest food of any kind and I also had much bowel trouble, which left me a weak, helpless wreck.

"I needed nourishment as badly as any one could, but none of the tonics helped me until I finally tried Grape-Nuts food morning and evening. This not only supplied food that I thought delicious as could be, but it also made me perfectly well and strong again, so I can do all my housework, sleep well, can eat anything without any trace of bowel trouble and for that reason alone Grape-Nuts food is worth its weight in gold." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"Typhoid fever like some other diseases attacks the bowels and frequently sets up bleeding and makes them for months incapable of digesting the starches and therefore predigested Grape-Nuts is invaluable for the well-known reason that in Grape-Nuts all the starches have been transformed into grape sugar. This means that the first stage of digestion has been mechanically accomplished in Grape-Nuts food at the factories, and therefore any one, no matter how weak the stomach, can handle it and grow strong, for all the nourishment is still there.

There's a sound reason and ten days' trial proves.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Still a Nation of Farmers.

THE recently published census report on "gainful pursuits" in the United States has evoked a discussion of the possible social and political effects of a continued drift of the people away from agriculture. Have we ceased to be a nation of farmers, and are the cities to keep on growing at the expense of the rural districts?

We do not need the poet to tell us that God made the country, and that man made the town. The larger cities furnish us daily with evidences that they are man-made in situations, and that in the making of most of them man did a very bungling job. That the wealth of the country comes from the soil, and that our national prosperity rests upon agriculture are propositions so self-evident as to require no demonstration by expert economists. The truth of these propositions will be generally recognized, no matter what the census figures may say.

The census report on occupations would indicate to the superficial thinker that agriculture has ceased to be the leading industry of our people. The table showing the proportion engaged in the five principal classes of occupation in 1880 and 1900 is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Occupation, 1880, 1900. Rows include Agricultural pursuits, Professional, Domestic and personal, Trade and transportation, Manufacturing.

The table indicates a decline in the relative importance of agriculture among the gainful pursuits. It shows a decrease of 9.50 per cent in the proportion of persons engaged in agriculture since 1880 and an increase of 9.46 in the proportion engaged in commerce and manufacturing.

But those who are inclined to grow pessimistic over the threatened "extinction" of agriculture will need to go deeper into the figures. It is found that the number of persons actually engaged in agriculture increased between 1880 and 1900 from 7,714,000 to 10,582,000. It is to be remembered also that this number is likely to keep on increasing for many years, not only through the opening of irrigable public lands to homesteaders, but because of the drift toward smaller farms and more intensive farming. The scientific agriculturist of the future will get more out of a fifty-acre tract than the old-time "farmer" got out of a quarter section.—Springfield Republican.

Success in Life.

SUCCESS in life is relative. To no two minds does it mean the same. To no two conditions does it can be alike applicable. The success of the farmer, for instance, who adds to his hands, rears his family in righteousness and passes his days in peace and content, far from the turmoil and triumphs of more swiftly moving life, would not seem to the lawyer, the politician or the city merchant to be a success at all.

The crossroads storekeeper may be a success in life in his own estimation and that of his neighborhood, though his brother of the city, who thinks in millions, cannot help looking down upon him with scorn.

There can be no material standard of success, for the reason that the outlook, the aspiration and the attainment of any man are his alone. No two can occupy the same viewpoint. No two can regard success from the same mind and heart.

The school-teacher, who ever gives, may cut a sorry figure in a biographical dictionary beside the millionaire, who ever gets. But in the real building up of the intellect and morality and happiness of the world it is she who is the giant and he the pigmy.

The poor underpaid preacher whose congregation is small because he preaches religion undefiled may in the common estimate be a failure. But who can foretell the harvest to come from the pregnant seed thus sown in good ground? Another generation may see a mighty church arise, that some rich man puts a gorgeous window in and calls his monument.

Which is the more successful life—the one that builds a great window or the one that stimulates the spirit which makes a church?

Possibly nine-tenths of us have no other serious pur-

GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCKS.

Long before the Western express had come within whistling distance of the Summerville station Uncle Charles declared he could hear the bells of grandmother's clocks. "Haven't heard 'em since I was a boy," he said, "but I know how they'll sound—all going together and every one of 'em right. I tell you, Lettie, you ought to have mother's sense of time. You can't even keep our mantel clock straight. Why, mother has a hall clock seven feet high and over a century old. Then there's the 'banjo' clock in the dining-room, and the 'sun' in the kitchen—we call in the 'sun' because of a round hole in the door-picture to see the pendulum through. There are three or four others besides, and the way mother keeps them straight is a marvel. It must be the old wooden wheels. Nothing like them made nowadays!"

Half an hour later grandmother greeted her home-coming flock at the door of the neat white farmhouse, and sent them to their rooms to prepare for a waiting dinner.

"Hello!" said Uncle Charles, as he followed Aunt Lettie into the east chamber. "There's Uncle Hiram Doty's old 'bullfrog' clock. Has a voice like a frog when it's getting ready to strike."

Mechanically he pulled out his watch and consulted it, then glanced again at the clock. He hesitated, then with-out comment stepped forward and set the clock half an hour ahead. Aunt Lettie smiled, but said nothing.

"A little later, entering the kitchen, he beheld the 'sun' ticking merrily in its accustomed place. Uncle Charles compared it with his watch. Grandmother was out of the room. Stealthily he opened the clock door and moved the hands back twenty minutes.

Dinner had hardly begun when from east chamber and kitchen came simultaneous wheezing and banging of bells. The "sun" counted six and stopped. The "bullfrog" did better and made it thirteen. Grandmother

pose in life than to get the best living we can. We are absorbed in our own little affairs—our wants and our enjoyments, ailments and ease, jealousies and envies, and hatreds and loves. The greater the degree to which we satisfy our wants and triumph over our enemies the greater our success—we think.

But to gratify our wants is only to create new ones. Human longing is like a sea—the more we pour into it the more it spreads. The millionaire longs for more as eagerly as does the poor man. Content does not lie in the direction of acquisition or indulgence.

Success in life consists in fitting one's self to one's environment, and one thing more—elevating the environment.—Chicago Journal.

Barbarous Waste in War.

SOME international pact should be achieved that will compel respect for ships and goods as objects of economic value in the whole world's trading, whether subject to seizure as contraband of war or otherwise. The Russians are warranted in arresting those trading steamers that are carrying supplies to their enemies, but neither they nor any other people are justified in destroying what the world needs as food, as fuel, as clothing, as medicine, and especially as ships. To empty a ship of its freight and then send her to the bottom, or, worse still, to send her down with her cargo, is barbarous. The coal supply is growing short. Not a ton of it should be wasted.

If it is necessary to prevent its falling into the hands of the Japanese, let it be landed and sold to the highest bidder of a neutral nation, provided that circumstances prevent the captors from using it to their own advantage.

And the same with the captured ship. This is a work of skill and value, and is needed in facilitating the commerce of all countries. If it has made itself liable to seizure by trading in forbidden supplies, there is no reason why it should therefore be destroyed. It carries no fighting machinery, it is not a danger to the war fleet of the nation that makes the arrest. It may be carrying merely a few tons of contraband articles, and a deckful of supplies intended for neutrals or for people engaged in peaceful pursuits, and in such a case it is a wretched waste to sink it, if, indeed, it is not a defiance of international law. Powder and arms might be used by the captors, or might even be thrown overboard if there were no time to take them or room to stow them; but not the textiles, fruit, meat and manufactured products that nations exchange with one another. Warships are fair prey. They are to be sunk by the enemy whenever possible, or converted to the uses of the winning side, but to scuttle a million-dollar ship because of the accident of her trade is to commit a crime against all humanity, whose needs that ship is capable of serving.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Marrying Age.

THE dictum of Gov. Warfield that girls should not marry until they are twenty-six has naturally caused considerable discussion among those most interested—the girls themselves, their parents, and the young men who do not want to wait for a bride until she is verging on old-maidhood. The first question of interest is a matter of fact: Are our girls generally marrying at too early an age? Some light is thrown on this matter by City Registrar McKeenan, of Boston, in the Globe of that city. He shows that in the year 1902, out of 6,172 brides, only 120, or a little more than 2 per cent, were less than eighteen. While more than half the total number were under twenty-five, yet 4,180, more than two-thirds of the whole number of brides, were married between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine.

These figures, the Registrar thinks, "do not indicate that all girls are marrying at an abnormally early age." Other writers on the subject testify that marriage is entered into by both sexes at a later average age than in former generations in this country. There are many reasons for this. The growing independence of women, the more extensive fields for their employment, the importance given to education, operate to defer marriage, as the increased cost of the wedded state deters many young men until they can "afford it."—New York World.

and even the most captious and exacting snufftaker found something suited to his wants. Those with a taste for the morbid could buy boxes made from the wood of scaffolds, chairs that murderers had sat upon or parts of their houses. Sporting men could find pleasure in the little miniatures depicting scenes in the chase. Sailors had their boxes made from the timbers of some historical ship—the hull of the Royal George was turned to this purpose more than once.

Soldiers had battle scenes in miniature upon their boxes, and these were often executed with the finest workmanship and great attention was given to detail.

The Scotch, always great snuff takers, were very fond of manufacturing their snuff boxes from a crumpled horn. The end of the horn was hollowed out to hold the snuff and a little mallet was attached by which to tap the snuff from the sides if it adhered. Sometimes a brush was added to flick away particles from the nose. The ordinary Scotchman had a plain mull snuff box, but those belonging to the lairds were often embellished with silver mountings and precious stones, making them valuable as well as picturesque.

One of the most popular and well-known snuff boxes was that given to Napoleon by Pope Pius VI. When Napoleon died he left the box as a keepsake to Lady Holland, who had been very kind to him during his imprisonment on St. Helena. Lord Carlisle, who urged the lady to reject the gift, suggested that every time the box was opened horror and murder would leap out. The box was bequeathed by Lady Holland at her death to the museum.—London Daily Mail.

Curious Snuff Boxes.

They Were Made in Many Cases to Suit Fancies of Users.

In the days when a snuff box was considered a necessary attribute to the perquisites of a beau—or a belle, for that matter—much ingenuity was brought to bear upon the manufacture of these dainty trifles. The results were often very novel,

WATSON'S PEN IN ACID.

Populist Candidate in Letter of Acceptance Is Vitriolic.

Thomas E. Watson's letter formally accepting the Populist nomination for President, has been made public. The letter, which is addressed to Samuel W. Williams, chairman of the committee on nomination, is about 12,500 words long. It denounces fiercely the Democratic party and its candidate, declares the gold standard "unscientific and wrong," asserts that those who produce wealth in the United States are robbed of the fruits of the labor and charges "combined capital" with a plot to crush individual liberty by downing the labor unions.

The only hope for the "middle and lower classes," as Mr. Watson terms them, he sees is the rise and growth to success of a third party, not subject to corporation domination. Constructively, he proposes a national board of arbitration to pass upon disputes between capital and labor, the adoption of the initiative and referendum for the making of federal laws and the ownership of public utilities.

The letter opens with a lament by Mr. Watson over the tendency of humanity to submit to the domination of a few, who use their power for oppression. Passing from historical examples to the condition of things now in the United States, he finds "symptoms which always have characterized the diseased nation when afflicted by class legislation." The corporations, according to the Populist candidate, now rule the land and the people.

"A blacker chapter than that which records how both the old political parties united to despoil the common people of the land," says Mr. Watson, "is not to be found in the annals of class legislation."

Attacking the gold standard, the candidate says: "The gold standard is not 'irrevocably fixed,' because it is unscientific and wrong. Nothing is more certain than that the people of this country will continue their struggle until they have a national currency which the money power cannot control, and which answers the purpose of perfecting exchanges without becoming an armory from which the bureaucrats of modern finance draw the irresistible weapons with which they attack values and raid the market."

In what Mr. Watson terms "the farming out to the national banks of the power, privilege and profit of supplying the country with paper currency," he finds a system whereby the "privileged fatten upon usury at the expense of the unprivileged," and hold "despotic power." Both the Republican and Democratic parties are "irrevocably fixed," Mr. Watson says, in their support of the national banks.

In discussing telegraph, telephone, express and railroad management, the letter says:

No other people among civilized nations are so cursed with corporate tyranny as ourselves. Half a dozen corporate kings can meet in the office of J. P. Morgan and can tax the life out of any city or town in the United States. By a stroke of the pen they can add hundreds of millions of dollars to the burdens of the people. They enable the trust to slay its rivals by granting rebates, or special rates, which make competition impossible. They debauch public morals by their methods of gaining what they want from governors, legislators, judges, editors, politicians and members of Congress.

Passing to a denunciation of the "deadly principle" of compound interest, Mr. Watson attacks the Standard Oil Company, J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, August Belmont, Arthur P. Gorman and Charles M. Schwab for financial operations which, he says, have caused "a rising tide of angry discontent" all over the country. These evils all would be cured by the application of Populist ideas, according to Mr. Watson.

GREAT AUTOMOBILE RACE.

Long Island the Competing Ground of Four Nations.

Amateur and professional automobilists, including some of the most expert racing men in the world, met in a remarkable competition over a 30-mile course on Long Island. The event was the first contest for the W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., automobile cup. It was international in character, and although the trophy was only offered last June eighteen cars entered, representing four nations—the United States, Germany, France and Italy. The 30-mile course was traversed ten times, making a trifle over 300 miles for the route, and the club whose member won the race will hold the trophy for the coming year.

This is the first time in America that anything on so extensive a scale in automobile racing has ever been attempted. It was practically the Gordon Bennett race transported to this country. The course and the conditions were practically the same, while the fact that three of the cars were competitors in the Gordon Bennett race in Germany and that five cars took part in the famous Ardennes race in France imparted an international flavor to the event that has never been seen in automobile circles here before.

There was no limit to the speed that the cars might go. The first one in was the winner. The 30-mile circuit gave an admirable test of all sorts of road conditions, in some places being smooth enough for speed greater than the best railroad locomotive can attain, while in other places it was necessary for safety to slow down a bit.

To appreciate the remarkable speed attained by the leading contestants in the race one has only to make a few comparisons. The winner, Heath, covered the 300 miles of the course in 5 hours 28 minutes and 45 seconds, or at an average speed of about fifty-five miles an hour, which is considerably faster than the average speed maintained by passenger trains in a twenty-hour run over the 900 miles from Chicago to New York. He made this time on a public road and in addition to guarding against chance obstacles on the way had to slacken his pace to admit of three fairly sharp turns on each of his ten trips around the 30-mile triangle of the course. He was delayed, also, by a broken tire.

This country was represented by five cars. One of these is an Italian machine of 99 horse power, which covered 250 miles in Italy at a rate of 90 miles an hour. Another machine, the Florida owned by William K. Vanderbilt, made a mile in 39 seconds in Florida last winter.

The Long Island race, now a subject of discussion among automobilists in all parts of the world, is hailed as another proof of the great possibilities of the automobile. Meantime, the automobilists pay the penalty of their reckless daring in holding these contests.

BLOOD WILL TELL

A THEORY SUPPORTED BY FRESH, CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

A Recent Instance Proves That a Woman's Happiness is Largely Dependent on the State of Her Blood.

When the blood is disordered every organ of the body is affected unfavorably and fails to discharge its functions properly. In the case of every woman nature has made special provision for a periodical purification of the blood and so long as this occurs her health and spirits unflinchingly reveal the beneficial results. So slight a cause as a cold or a nervous shock may produce a suppression of this vital function and until it is restored she is doomed to misery. The remedy that has proved most prompt and effective in all disorders peculiar to the female sex, is that which brings such great relief to Miss Mattie Griggs, of No. 807 Indiana street, Lawrence, Kansas, concerning which she speaks as follows:

"In the winter of 1902, from some unknown cause, there was a cessation of functions peculiar to my sex for a period of four months. I became very weak and could not get up stairs without help. I had nausea and pain and a constant headache. I was under the care of a physician for three months, but he did not succeed in curing me. Then a lady friend told me about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which she had used in her family and she induced me to try them. It was in May when I first began to use them and in June I had fully recovered my health, and have since remained perfectly well."

In all cases of delayed development of young girls; in anemia or weakness due to impoverished blood and showing itself in pallor, lack of ambition, despondency and nervousness; also in the great constitutional disturbances attending the period known as the change of life, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable. They are sold by all druggists. A booklet of valuable information, relating to the care of a woman's health at all important periods, and entitled "Plain Talks to Women," will be sent free in a sealed envelope to any one who chooses to write for it to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Something About Canals.

The Suez canal is usually considered the most important example of ship canals, though the number of vessels passing through it annually does not equal that passing through the canals connecting Lake Superior with the chain of great lakes at the south. In length, however, it exceeds any of the other great ship canals, its total length being 90 miles, of which about two-thirds is through shallow lakes, says Harper's Weekly.

The canal connecting the Bay of Cronstadt with St. Petersburg is a work of great strategic and commercial importance to Russia. The canal and sailing course in the bay are about 16 miles long, the canal proper being about six miles and the bay channel about 10 miles, and they together extend from Cronstadt, on the Gulf of Finland, to St. Petersburg.

The next of the great ship canals connecting bodies of salt water in the order of date of construction is the Corinth canal, which connects the Gulf of Corinth with the Gulf of Aegina. The canal reduces the distance from Adriatic ports about 175 miles, and from Mediterranean ports about 100 miles. Its length is about four miles.

CURE YOUR KIDNEYS.

When the Back Aches and Bladder Troubles Set in, Get at the Cause.

Don't make the mistake of believing backache and bladder ills to be local ailments. Get at the cause and cure the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, which have cured thousands.

Captain S. D. Hunter, of Engine No. 14, Pittsburg, Pa., Fire Department, and residing at 2729 Wylie avenue, says:

"It was three years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills for an attack of kidney trouble that was mostly backache, and they fixed me up fine. There is no mistake about that, and if I should ever be troubled again, I would get them first thing, as I know what they are."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Coming Heroine.

Mr. Jinks—I wish you wouldn't allow our daughter to read those sentimental novels.

Mrs. Jinks—She isn't reading a sentimental novel. The heroine doesn't marry for love.

"Well, the modern society novel, in which the heroine marries for money, is just as bad."

"She isn't reading a society novel."

"Then what is it?"

"It's an advanced novel."

"What's that?"

"The heroine marries for a political pull."

Mrs. Winslow's Soreness Swab for Children: Soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, all-true, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A Business Woman. Pretty Girl—Are you Miss Backbay's waiting maid?

Maid—Yes'm.

"Miss Backbay is a great heiress from Boston, isn't she?"

"She is."

"And very much sought after?"

"Well, yes."

"I presume so. Well, if you will give me the addresses of her gentlemen admirers, I will be very much obliged."

"Dear me! What for?"

"I am selling encyclopedias."

Uncle Sam's annual income is \$538,587,148.